Justice At The Forefront

You lost. Plain and simple.

You had signed up for the local Street Fighter tournament, hosted in the town's arcade center. Street Fighter was one of your favorite series of games and it wasn't a hard decision to make. Ever since you got one of the games for your birthday a couple of years ago, you were instantly hooked. The characters were all good fun to play and their designs were quite pleasing to the eyes.

Nonetheless, the tournament ended up being a complete wreck. It wasn't because you were a bad loser. In fact, you were the runner up and received a prize of your own. The person who ended up winning the whole thing was extremely humble and was truly passionate about the games, just like you. He even turned down the oppurtunity of going to the regional tournament, cementing the fact that he was just there for the fun.

What turned the tournament into a wreck was all the other players. They were hot-headed, unprofessional and flat-out rude. Even after continuous warnings, their facades cracked within mere minutes and they went back to their old ways again. They completely ruined the fun for everyone else, and were surprisingly harsh to newcomers. At least they got their come-uppance afterwards, being blacklisted from further events held at the arcade.

Their treatment of others did not sit well with you in the slightest. You found it to be repulsive and immensely cowardly to pick on people who were perceived as “weak”. You are no better than anyone else in the end, yet those pricks would never get that message drilled into their skulls. You found solace in knowing that you probably wouldn’t see them ever again, and if you did it wouldn’t be in a competitive setting.

As you let those thoughts subside, not believing scums deserve to be highlighted, you ventured back home after the long night of mashing buttons. You had yet to open the generic black box that contained your prize, wanting to save the surprise for the moment. There wasn’t a ton of weight to it but it also wasn’t too light. You would expect to get something relatively substantial after all.

Most of the other tournaments offered cash prizes but this one instead chose to give away various memorabilia as prizes instead, partly because the arcade center didn’t have the economy to offer monetary rewards. You didn’t mind that however. It gave the vibes of being a chilled out tournament where everyone simply shared the love for Street Fighter or just fighting games in general, even if it also attracted the jerks.

You eventually reached your apartment building, ready for a deserved long night’s rest. You kicked off your shoes and immediately headed towards your bedroom with the black box firmly held. As you reached your bed, you put the box next to you and flopped onto the bed face down. A content sigh left your mouth, relishing in the soft material of your covers and the warmth it provided.

You lifted your head up and gazed at the box. It was finally time to check out what you rightfully won, in your own humble opinion. What you were presented with was not what you expected. In the box lay two, quite chunky, wrist cuffs dotted with metal spikes, not quite sharp enough to break skin but definitely could inflict damage if needed. At first glance, they seemed cumbersome to wear yet were surprisingly light in your hands.

That’s when it clicked in your head. No doubt, these were the iconic cuffs Chun Li bore around her wrists. You couldn’t deny how well made they were and Chun Li being one of your favorite characters, both to play and design-wise, made things all the merrier. You wondered if they were merely display items but they seemed soft enough to be worn. Had they been made out of plastic then it would have been a different story.

You contemplated trying them on, seeing if they would fit. You carefully slid both of them onto your wrists, not wanting to scuff them up too much. They were a little too tight, but overall, they looked pretty good. You had to admit; you didn’t look half-bad wearing them. Almost as if they were tailor-made for you and you only. Satisfied with the outcome, you proceeded to take them off so you could get some rest.

You tugged at them to try and loosen them up. What surprised you was that…they weren’t budging at all. Not in the slightest. They remained firmly clamped around your wrists with nothing signaling that they would ever let go. You kept on tugging and tugging but all you did was hurt yourself in the process. In a worrying state, you tried to figure out any ideas to get them off.

They were too thick to be cut by scissors and smearing in lotion would potentially ruin the cuffs plus there was no visible gap to be utilized for it. You couldn’t burn them either, both for your safety but also wanting to preserve them as pristine as possible. What were you supposed to do? Having them permanently stuck would be hurtful in the long run and putting on shirts would be quite a hassle.

Your desperation thwarted your continued reasoning, and you decided “fuck it” and bolted towards your closet. On the highest shelf, you grabbed your toolbox and searched for your flathead screwdriver. With a firm grip, you forced the flat metal in between the barely existing

gap. It was already hard enough to push the flattened steel through without the risk of cutting your skin or damaging the cuffs.

Your grip tightened around the screwdriver as you put all your might into prying the cuffs off. Instead, something else happened. You hadn't realized how hard you forced the screwdriver into the gap until you somehow snapped it in half. The flathead had made minimal dents and was only a couple of millimeters inside, yet the screwdriver became the unfortunate victim. You now truly related to how Ben felt when first discovering the Omnitrix…

Unlike him, however, you didn't have power to transform into different aliens that could help with your predicament. You plopped onto your bed in defeat, looking at the ceiling trying to come up with better ideas. Your thoughts were interrupted by the fact your entire body felt…warm, uncomfortably warm. Sweatdrops formed on your forehead, and your clothes turned damp, clinging to your body in an unpleasant sticky fashion.

You wiped your forehead, later looking at your hands in confusion while trying to comprehend the situation. The more you looked at your hands, you noticed something off about them. Right in front of your eyes, their appearance morphed into feminine digits while simultaneously garnering a smoother feeling. They felt like they had been through a lot of exertion, showing off strength but still maintained their gentle, womanly care.

Your arms were feeling extra sore. Like a hurricane blasting down unfortunate fauna, your visible arm hairs were ripped out of your arms, disintegrating in contact with the air around you. Initially appearing thin and somewhat frail considering you didn't work out much, your arms gained extra volume, pumping with feminine muscles. Stroking your fingers across them, they felt firm yet undeniably smooth.

While adjusting to your new set of potential bonecrushers, a mounting pressure originating in your chest area caused you tremendous amounts of pleasure. Your nipples were pushing against the fabric of your shirt as fat began pouring underneath. This continued until you had developed an ample set of breasts, gently resting on your chest. Any traces of body hair had already been eliminated, further emphasizing your strong, feminizing body

Your mind completely spiked in confusion and worry, and you tried to get out of bed, wanting to find anything that could explain this. A sudden crunch in your waist halted the progress and you fell back down on your bed, albeit with extreme discomfort. It felt as if someone was crushing you with a vice. With your new mighty arms, you ripped your shirt off and exposed your torso to the world.

Your waist was convulsing and morphing right in front of your eyes. As it pushed inwards, your stomach gradually grew toned with visible abs beginning to show. Your entire upper body looked completely mismatched with the lower half. The overwhelming changes fogged your mind, with a pounding headache threatening to grow fiercer. Things became hard to remember, and foreign memories poured into your mind.

Who were you really? Of course, you were a totally regular man living your totally regular life with friends and family. Right? Those silly thoughts were probably stress-related…maybe. No. You were strong. You were a strong woman who believed in equality. Those who picked on the weak were nothing more than leeches. Such prejudice would never prevail. It was up to you to stop it after all. Because that is what you believed in.

Interrupting your thoughts, you felt an extremely hot sensation in your thighs. You couldn't keep your pleasure internalized any longer and you spewed out moans with clear tinges of femininity. Your voice simply sounded way different from before. You coughed in between moans as your vocal cords adjusted themselves to let your feminine tones reverberate through the room.

Your thighs kept growing more sensitive, lightly wobbling as they began growing bigger. It seemed like they'd never stop as their muscularity rapidly settled in. With thighs like those, you could easily trap someone's head between and fatally crush them. Or you could just crush a watermelon. Right now, however, they put plenty of pressure on your member, trapped in the abyss of thickness.

With a final growth spurt, your thighs completely crushed your genitals, and you felt something going inside of you. The pressure sent shockwaves to your hips and ass which morphed to better fit your ballistic thighs. Having a feel between your legs, you realized you were completely flat down there with a newly formed vagina that wouldn't be opposed to getting extra attention.

The changes went further south, reaching your lower legs. Your calves gained extra strength, much like your thighs which would further support your strong body. Your feet retained muscles while shrinking into something more feminine. You flexed your toes to relieve the soreness of every single bone of your shifting and cracking. Your remaining clothes were way too ill-fitting at this point, with significant tearing around your thighs.

As if on cue, you looked in awe as your clothes were morphing right in front of your eyes. Your jeans and the tatters that used to be your shirt fused together to form a black leotard with brown pantyhose, neatly hugging your body. A part of your shirt remained and later exploded into a full-fledged blue qipao with golden accessories. Your waist felt pressurized as a white waistband snaked around, almost feeling like a corset. A white pair of combat boots materialized on your feet, which looked like they could cause some serious damage.

You didn't have time to ogle at your new outfit before your entire face grew numb. It grew softer and more feminine with plumper lips and a cutely small nose. Your eyes momentarily watered as the pupils gained a shade of brown, glistening in the presence of light. Furthermore, your hair turned a majestic dark brown and tied themselves up, resembling something akin to ox horns. They were covered in white, silky ribbons and brocades as if to protect them.

While the changes were dying down, you continuously felt a great rush throughout your body. It was as if you had caffeine injected straight into the bloodstream. You felt the need to continue working out and maintaining your body. Despite your memories feeling scrambled, one never seemed to drift away. The assholes at that arcade lingered in your mind with the scene playing over and over.

You frowned at the memories while the temptation of letting justice prevail showered your mind. People like that should know that karma would come back and bite them in the ass as punishment for putting themselves on a pedestal. As such, you hopped out of bed with a big leap, landing on your feet. You admired your new look like it had always been there. After all, this was the outfit you wore all the time.

You failed to notice that the wrist cuffs were no longer made out of soft material and instead had been replaced with strong-wielding iron. Why would they be made out of something else? It wouldn't be helpful for your body to keep in shape. Much like the other weights hidden under your qipao, they were all for your own benefit. To keep your body fit and strong for as long as possible.

As you felt pumped up, you no longer desired to sleep and instead wished to train yourself further. Lucky for you, there was some training equipment collecting dust in your wardrobe that you could use. While not entirely essential, you had to stick with it for now until you found something better.

You were sure that you'd find those jerks tomorrow and give them a taste of their own medicine. To show them that hatred will never prevail.